LONDON LIFE.

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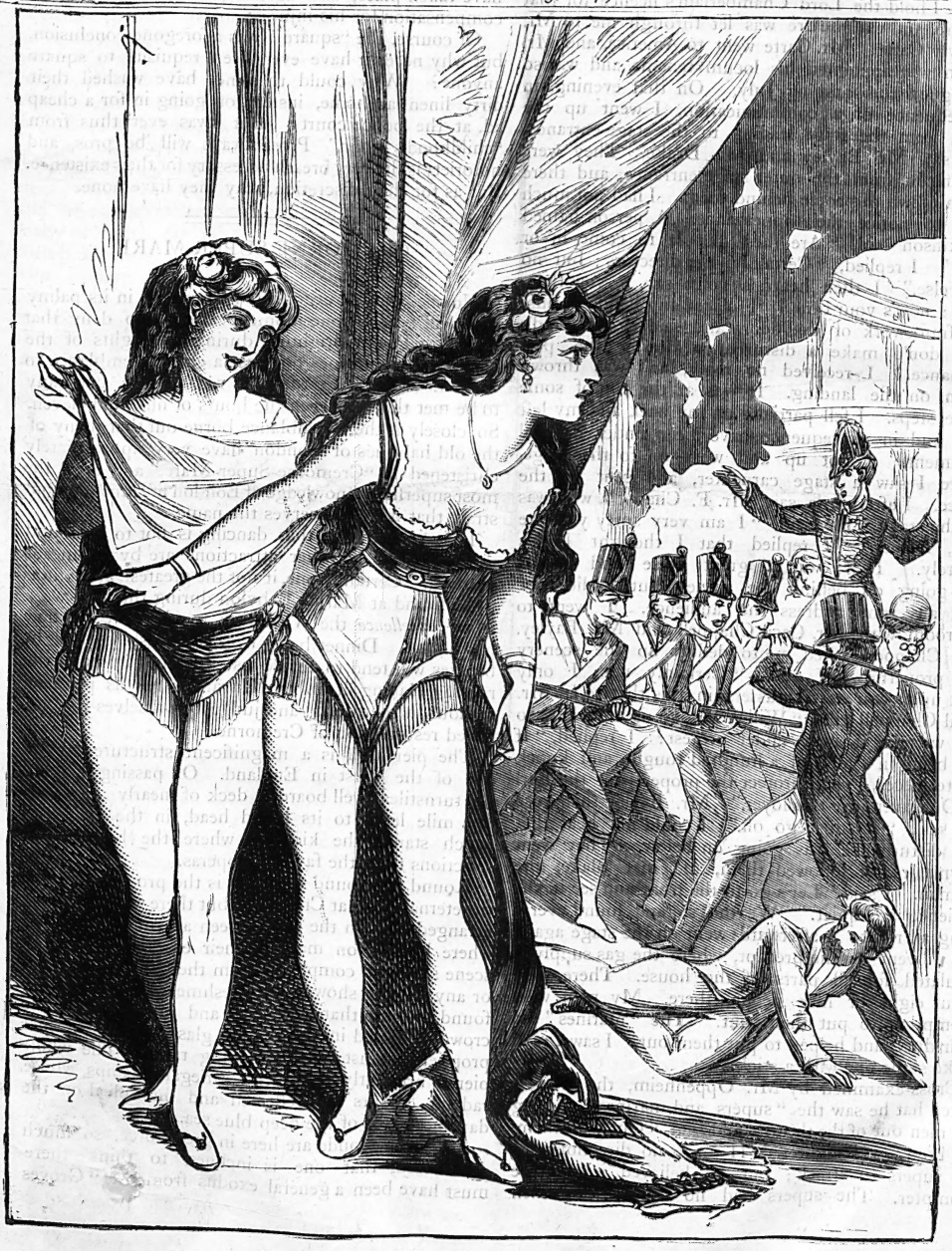

"PINAFORE" COMICALITIES.

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At Bow Street police-court, on Tuesday, Mr. Collard Augustus Drake, 3, Bedford Square; Mr. Edward Hodgson Bayley, 42, Newington Causeway; Mr. Frank Chappell (Metzler & Co.), 36, Great Marshall Street, directors of the Comedy Opera Company; and Mr. Cecil Chappell, of Golden Square, solicitor to the company, appeared to answer charges of creating a riot and assaulting Mr. Richard Barker on the night of July 31, at the Opera Comique in the Strand.

Mr. Richard Barker, 299, Strand, agent for the Earl of Dunraven at the Opera Comique Theatre, said: I hold the Lord Chamberlain's licence for that theatre, and the theatre was let through me to Mr. D'Oyly Carte. Mr. Carte went to America, and Mr. Gunn was appointed his locum tenems, and was so acting on the 31st of July. On that evening, in consequence of a communication, I went up the steps from the stage leading to the stage entrance, and saw Mr. Bayley and Mr. Drake. They were coming in from the outer stage entrance, aud there was a crowd of people behind them. I had not much time to notice their appearancc. A person named Wilkinson said, "Are these people to come in or not?" I replied, "Certainly, the directors; but no one else." I then heard a voice say, "Now then, boys; now's your time." I placed my hands against the framework of the door, and said, "For God's sake don't make a disturbance during the performance.' I received no reply, and was thrown down on the landing. It was at the top of some stone steps. I fell partially on my back and my left side, and in consequence have been under medical treatment. I got up and went on to the stage, where I saw a stage carpenter, and sent for the police. I afterwards saw Mr. F. Chappell, who was on the stage. He said, "I am very sorry you are hurt, Barker." I replied that I thought I was severely. There was a great noise and shouting going on behind the scenes, but I did not hear any one address the audience. I went to my room with Mr. Cecil Chappell and Mr. Bayley. Mr. Chappell asked me to deliver up the scenery and properties. I said, "Certainly not; I only look upon you as trespassers in this theatre." Mr. Cecil Chappell said, "Will you give us a bucket, so that we take it away under protest? I replied, "If you bring in a mob of a hundred roughs and knock me to pieces, I shall protect the property of the Earl of Dunraven, my employer." Mr. Bayley then rose and said, "It must go on." I could not hear that any disturbance was going on below. They went downstairs. I followed them, and met Blake, the fireman. I said "Let's go to the front and see if the audience are quiet." We did so, and found everything all right. I afterwards went on the stage again, and I went to the prompt, where the gas supply is regulated for all parts of the house. There were about eight or nine people there. My men were attempting to put them out. The "marines" did their duty, and helped to put them out. I saw a man strike some one with a stick.

Cross-examined by Mr. Oppenheim, the witness stated hat he saw the "supers and marines" turning the men out of the theatre, and said, "Out with them, my boys." (Laughter.) He gave no directions for the supers to attack; but he believed it was the prompter. The supers had no muskets in their hands. They were pushing the mob upstairs. He did not see the supers come up through a fanlight. This was after the opera was over.

He was furthermore examined at great length as to the past history and management of the theatre, as to the dispute which had arisen between the Comedy Opera Company and Mr. Carte, and as to the circumstances uuder which the alleged assault was committed.

Tht cross-examination was not concluded when the court rose, and the case was adjourned.

On Friday, the case was resumed, and the summonses were finally withdrawn; the defendants having expressed their regret that any disturbance should have taken place, and agreeing to give the plaintiff compensation tor his injuries.

Of course, the "square" was a foregone conclusion, but why need it have ever been requisite to square anyone? Why could they not have washed their dirty linen at home, instead of going in for a cheap ad. at the police court? But 'twas ever thus from "childhood's hour." Pros always will be pros, and notoriety is the very breath necessary for their existence. But as for their discretion, why they have none.

CREMORNE-SUPER-MARE.

No one who has ever visited Cremorne in its palmy days will ever for one moment attempt to deny that the West Pier at Brighton, during the nights of the of the race week does not bear a close resemblance to the famed Chelsea gardens as regards the company to be met there between the hours of nine and eleven. So closely is the resemblance borne out that many of the old habitués of London have very appropriately christened it "Cremorne-Super-Mare," and even the most superficial knowledge of London life must demonstrate that it well deserves the name.

It is indeed true that dancing is not to be found there, but all its other attractions are by no means wanting. Certainly one, if not the greatest, attractions to be found at Marine Babylon during the race week is *par excellence* the West Pier, to which we will now pay a visit. Dinner being over, the fresh, cool night breezes will tend to revive us after the fatigue of the races. Having lit up our Havannas, let us proceed, without further delay, and judge for ourselves this so-called resurrection of Cremorne.

The pier itself is a magnificent structure, and is one of the finest in England. On passing through the turnstile a well boarded deck of nearly a quarter of a mile leads to its broad head, in the centre of which stands the kiosque where the band plays selections from the favourite operas.

Round and round the band is the promenade, like the eternal circle at Cremorne, but there are beautifully arranged seats in the glass screen all round the sides, where lookers on may, at their ease, view the gay scene sheltered completely from the chill night wind or any passing shower. Refreshment bars are to be found in more than one place, and judging from the crowd collected in these pretty glass pavillions, their proprietors must drive a roaring taade. The whole pier is brilliantly lit up with variegated lamps, whose radiant colours are reflected and multiplied on the dancing waves of the deep blue sea.

The demi-monde are here in great force, so much so, indeed, that one is inclined to think there must have been a general exodus from the "Groves

of the Evangelist," and that Pimlico, Chelsea, and Fulham are now deserted.

The London clubs are forsaken for the Union and New Clubs, situated in the King's Road, not a hundred yards from the pier. A large gathering of the Crutch and Toothpick Brigade are here, got up elaborately in evening dress, but in place of the usual dress coat our golden youth wear shooting jackets, as it is the correct form for the pier at Brighton.

As flies hover round jam, so do the *jeunnese dorée* flit near Aspasia and her sisters, who these witless fops call "real jam." Now we will take a look round this gay and festive scene, and observe any celebrities of "London Life" we may come across. A few steps more than suffice to render one fact apparent, namely, that as far as company is concerned, both male and female, it would be difficult to behold a more close resemblance to the giddy throng of revellers nightly to be seen at Cremorne.

The leaders of the "Legion of the Lost" recline in luxuriant Bath chairs drawn near the band, and hold their little *levées*, arrayed in gorgeous coloured silks and satins, resplendent with precious stones, a good many of which are false as the peach-bloom upon their bold faces. There is the most notorious of them, who disports herself bedizened with rings, and painted thick, as far as her face is concerned. She was a few days since turned out of some rooms in Brighton, and her boxes thrown after her, even the lodging-house keepers of Marine Babylon draw the line somewhere, and evidently did not appreciate this brazen-faced Prostitute, whose drunken orgies are well known.

That dark sinister-looking man smoking a big cigar, talking to the bright brunette on the left is the well-known Mr. Roland B., who has ruined more young fellows than any other money lender in London, but, with Hebrew cunning, has as yet evaded the law, of which he has a holy dread; his summer holiday is also a matter of business, for, vulture-like, he is ever on the look out for fresh prey, and amid the Crutches and Toothpicks he finds many a rich fool suited to his purpose. It is rumoured the little girl with him is one of his "decoy ducks," and judging from the way they eye young Lord Rattlepate as he passes by, some villianous scheme is being concocted.

Does the Earl her husband know his beautiful wife now is in the society of a man of the worst possible reputation, and whose one object in life is that of a libertine, Well, indeed, may divorces and scandals be so common in high life when noble lords permit their wives to keep such company. The frail sisterhood have evidently come to Brighton to obtain as much plunder as they can out of the empty-headed *jeunesse dorée*, with whom the place abounds. Look into yonder drinking bar, what a motley throng is there: peers, bookmakers, horse jockeys, welshers, courtezans, and Jew money lenders, mixed as thickly as plums in our Christmas pudding. Lust, drink, and avarice rule triumphant in this marine pavillion; all that is bad and vile in "London Life" is to be seen. At sea this night loud laughter, clinking of glasses, oaths and the well-known pop of champagne corks are heard in rapid succession in this temple of Bacchus.

The bell is now ringing to clear the pier, as it is eleven o'clock, and engagements of a dubious character are made on all sides; the gay Cyprians are loth to depart, but on a sudden the lights are extinguished, and to her marine bowers do Venus and her sisters retire, followed by her regal train of amorous youths where night is turned into day by orgies too vile to mention, and thus closes another scene of "London Life" at Marine Babylon.

MAN ABOUT TOWN.

THE STAGE AND PROSTITUTION.

[CONTINUED.]

"My dear sir," said a manager of a west-end house to a friend of ours the other day, when he was talking about the twenty-shillings-a-week-brougham-keepers, "their souls can have nothing whatever to do with me; they come to me because they want me, and I go to them because I want them," a business-like way of looking at it, we feel bound to confess.

Now, we would ask, always respectfully, would not the mixing in such society as this conduce to be a source of risk to many a young and otherwise innocent actress (for there *are* these). Would it not be likely that, with such examples before her, and associating with her daily, that it might tend to make many a right-minded young girl go wrong? What more likely incentive than seeing the carriage and the chaperone awaiting her friend (who she imagines more fortunate than herself on that account) at the stage door, while she has either her mother to go home with, or else trudge the weary distance by herself?

And then the temptations thrown in the way of those who pursue this walk in life are greater than any other; the various people about the theatre are, as a rule, more civil, gentlemanly, and considerably better looking than the same average of their fellow creatures; and then the child argues to herself, "Why here we have a singer courted, respected, sought after by kings, committing a *faux pas* for what? another singer; there we have an English Countess who deems an English actor a sufficient cause for her to leave her home, dishonoured, regretted, and pitied. I'm only a mortal, and if I do the same thing who will suffer?" And, influenced by this train of thought, it too often ends in her "going and doing likewise."

These actresses seem to take a delight in picking out localities to reside in where their fallen sisters abound, and although one has no right to dictate to them where they shall "pitch their tents," yet this even does not conduce to morality. If, again, the whole question were thus put to us, why should you make your actresses moral? We are bound to admit, to a certain extent, we have no more right to insist that the woman who "plays" before us on the stage shall be of irreproachable chastity than to enquire whether the cabman who has just taken our eighteenpence for a shilling fare has ever been locked up for being drunk, or whether the *Echo* boy who takes our halfpenny has been convicted for playing pitch and toss; yet we cannot, however, be too emphatic when it comes to a broad question of the purification of the stage, as in its present condition it involves danger to those who play by their association with ladies of easy virtue, but likewise danger to the morals of those who are played to, as all who have given the subject a moment's consideration are prepared to unhesitatingly admit.

At the church in the Westminster Road, of which Newman Hall is pastor, the attendance has been unusually great. There is but little doubt the extra attendance is due to the curiosity as to whether the pastor would preach, but we hear upon very good authority that the lucky man is seeking distraction on the Continent.

May I be allowed to ask whether he is alone, or accompanied by one of his lady friends.

LONDON LIFE.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23RD, 1879.

HOT SPICE

"All the world's a stage, and men and women merely players,." So wrote one Will. Shakspeare long ago, and the quotation remains true to this day, as I will presently show you.

* *

The pulpit's a stage. If you don't quite believe me, go and watch, and listen attentively to Spurgeon any Sunday at the Newington Tabernacle, then you'll both see and hear the Baptist low comedian of the pretty school, one who has all the obesity and bombast of Sir John Falstaff.

* *

Then there's Newman Hall (I can't call him Reverend), another light comedian, who has lately taken the leading role in as pretty a comedy of domestic life as ever could be imagined by the most creative mind, in fact, a regular "School for Scandal," that will be the gossip of the town for weeks to come,

*

Turn ye now to our front page, my merry masters and mistresses; there you'll see a sketch of a little fracas behind the scenes, all through those girls with the rival Pinafores.

* * *

Having occasion the other day to attend a meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works, I was greatly surprised at the amount of downright wrangling which went on. Several members of the Board had at times to be called to order. Votes of thousands of pounds are quickly settled by this august assemblage, but the more trivial the matters are, the longer do they seem to bicker and argue. I trust I may never again have to visit the bear garden in Spring Gardens,

* * *

Now the London season is over, and town is empty, the sun once more smiles, and after having nearly drowned us, the elements are evidently determined to scorch the unhappy individuals whom force of circumstances compels to remain in town. The clubs are a melancholy sight everywhere. It is a case of "Ichabod."

* * *

No one who was present during the hearing of the Newman Hall divorce case, or who has read the evidence carefully through, can come to but one conclusion, namely, that Mr. Hall's conduct was in a great measure conducive to his wife's proceedings. Any man who can allow his wife to smoke and drink in his own house with a livery stable keeper, deserves all he gets. No woman can have the least respect for a man so utterly lost to his own honour as to permit under any circumstances such a state of things for one moment to be carried on under his very nose.

* * *

The cabmen at Brighton seemed bent on making hay while the sun shines, as, during the races, a cabman refused 10s. as a fare from the Aquarium to the course, 2s. being the usual charge.

* * *

Looking in at Mutton's restaurant one evening, on leaving the pier, it seemed hopeless to think of getting any refreshment, for the rooms were swarming with "soiled doves" and the "jeunesse dorée". The whole closely resembled what the Haymarket used to be when the Argyle was in the zenith of its glory.

* * *

Brighton and Eastbourne are literally swarming with greasy Jews, who, by the way, seem the only people not affected by the present terrible state of monetary depression, They evidently consider themselves to be of the beau monde, for the other day a wealthy Israelite said to a friend of mine, "Come to Eastbourne, old man. We are all there, and the place is the chosen resort of the *bong tong*." *Haut ton* is no doubt what Isaac meant to imply.

* * *

A good many first-rate lodging houses at Brighton do not object to being places of resort for Phryne and her admirers during the race week. Money being scarce nowadays, landladies are by no means particular in enquiring into the morals of their lodgers. O tempora! O mores.

* * *

The *Sporting Chronicle*, a paper published in Manchester, made some very nasty allusions last week about publications which he terms "reek of the rotten fens." We should strongly advise the worthy proprietor, who cannot be much better than what he designates "the aforesaid publications," to try one or two of the "Balsam of Copaivi Pills." that he so freely advertises in his respectable (?) paper. That would perhaps run some of the venom out of his *Hell-Ton* carcase, which is no doubt both *Hot* and *Heavy*, owing to the mad dog days.

* * *

It has come to the knowledge of Jester that a well-known and highly respectable young man at the Rupert Street Boot Factory, Bristol, is about to lead to the altar a young and beautiful damsel, highly respected in King's Square and its precincts.

* * *

Jester wishes the young man good luck, but is afraid that when once wedded, he and happiness will be very distant.

* * *

The First Lord of the Admiralty is to be made a peer. I don't envy him, but would suggest that he be dubbed the First Lord of Monoply, that is the fittest term I know of, his policy is the same as his chief's self aggrandisement.

* * *

Many a poor newsagent who has worked hard to obtain a livelihood for himself and family by the salê of newspapers, has found to his cost, he has toiled in vain, for through monoply he has not been able to obtain his supply of *Daily Telegraphs*, &c., early enough to suit his customers.

* * *

The reason is palpable. W. H. Smith and Son, and one or two others get their supply under pretence of sending into the country hours before their poorer and less fortunate brothers get a copy.

* * *

It is said that our First Lord is a partner in the *D.T.* newspaper concern, I don't believe it, unless he has bought Mrs. Moss's share.

* * *

Tramway travelling is sometimes very convenient, but there are many instances in which passengers have cause of complaint; the management make too many restrictions of the bye-law fashion for their customers. Almost as soon as you enter a tramcar, the conductor is down on you for the fare. You are bothered with a ticket, which you are called upon to show to so-termed inspectors about three or four times in the course of a short journey; and if you desire to alight, when the road is under repair, you must ride until you have passed the single line; of course all this is by order, but there is too much "order" in tramway travelling.

* * *

Another sensational Preacher has appeared on the scene at the Music Hall of the old Cathedral town of Chester. I went to hear, on Sunday last, this Dr. Talmage, and must say he is very emphatic, I think, but with a very pronounced style, more suited for the stage than the Pulpit.

* *

I quite agree, however, that the bible, as he said, is the most wonderful book ever printed, and that it should be studied by all mankind.

* * *

I don't agree with sending round the hat before the sermon commences, as was done on Sunday, it destroys the sanctity of the sermon, and looks as if Dr. Talmage went in for a share of the gate money,

* *

The Anecdote of the Young Man who was to be thrown into the Potomac, sounded more like fiction than fact.

* * *

I don't think either there is an Englishman to be found who, when the erring sister was clinging to the rock, would cut off her fingers in the manner described.

* * *

Mr. Grissell, after his trip to Boulogne, spent about twenty hours under lock and key in Newgate. He expressed his satisfaction of the treatment towards him, and left the prison accompanied by a friend in a hansom cab, and in full health.

* * *

Mr. G—— is "too jolly clever by half."

A Pair of Ni(e)ce Barmaids.—Mrs. Jemima Walton, of the "City Wellington," 60, Fleet Street, was summoned before Sir Andrew Lusk, M.P., at Guildhall, for assaulting Elizabeth Emily Hunley and Mary Ann Vallender, her barmaids. Mr. Hope, jun., appeared for the defendant. The complainants said that they were barmaids to Mrs. Walton, and on the Tuesday after the Bank Holiday she told them to leave the house. They went upstairs to pack up their boxes, and then the defendant came to them and said they should not go. They insisted on leaving, and then the defendant threw Hunley on the bed, and boxed her ears. In cross-examination, the complainants admitted that they were the nieces of Mrs. Walton, and that they had been placed under her to learn the business. The defence was that the two girls were placed in the care of the defendant, and that she acted as a parent towards them. On the Bank Holiday they were found flirting with two men, and neglecting their business, and they were remonstrated with. On the following day, they were left in charge of the bar for about two hours, and when Mrs. Walton came home, she found them both outside the bar, each with a man, one of them having his arm round Hunley's waist, and the other his arm round Vallender's neck, and both the girls resting their heads on the men's shoulders. She ordered them both to bed, and when she went upstairs she found them both packing up their boxes to go away. As their natural guardian, she refused to let them go at that time of night, and declined to allow them to depart until their parents came and took them home. Hunley swore at her and spat in her face, and then she boxed her ears. The next morning it was found that they had packed their boxes, taken them through the roof of the house, and hidden them on a neighbour's premises, and by the same means they had left her (Mrs. Walton's) house and guardianship.—Sir Andrew Lusk dismissed the summonses.

* * *

This is illegal, although perhaps to the ladies a pleasant practice, fully illustrating Love at the Bar, that landlady, I fancy, will often be heard to say of her neices "two to one *bar* one.

* * *

Jester would advise a certain Hotel keeper of Taunton to make immediate arrangements touching unsettled accounts.

* * *

The same tip to a Bristol comique.

* * *

I intended to have taken tea in Regent's Park last Sunday, but owing to the state of the weather, I postponed my visit. I have since heard the accomodation is not sufficient to supply visitors, so it will not be until I receive the news that greater accommodation has been afforded, that the Regent's Park Kiosk, will receive the patronage of

JESTER.

FIREWORKS.

"Pony" Moore is somehow always getting into some trouble or other, but on the last occasion, as on most other occasions, when he has been under the disagreeable necessity of confronting the "Beak," he was more sinned against than sinning.

* * *

But the other day especially so. Pony M. may be of a somewhat too excitable temper, but all who know him can say truthfully that he was ever a fond and affectionate father, and on this occasion he was only moved by the desire to protect his daughter from brutal ill-treatment and neglect.

* * *

His daughter's husband, the man "Rackstraw," whom "Pony" correctly described a "sweep," which he is, in more senses than one, although he choose to attempt to dignify himself with the sounding title of "Ramoneur," has ever since his marriage to Mr. Moore's daughter, persistently ill-treated her, and, over and over again, she has been obliged to seek the shelter of her father's roof from the violence of her husband; and, on news coming to his ears of a repetition of the ill-treatment which she had been so long subjected, who can wonder that his affection for his child somewhat outran discretion, and led him to use "Moore" language than is usual to ears polite. Fortunately, the magistrate took this view of the case, and dismissed the summons.

* * *

Walking down Stamford Street, near Charles Roberts's palatial residence, the other Saturday night, I heard the voice of a lady singing, and looking up at his first floor front, the windows of which were wide open, saw a sight that filled me with wonder and amazement.

* * *

There was a well-known lady serio-comic singing a song at the top of her voice, "Freddy" accompanying her on the pianoforte, and our old friend Charlie doing a stage walk up and down the room with a cigar in his mouth.

* * *

Of course I have naturally come to the conclusion that Mr. Roberts is about to get up a Sunday choir, or something of the sort, but I should advise him not to engage the services of the Music Hall talent. They might make it a little too hot for him.

* * *

This sort of weather "Squib" is glad to take refuge anywhere. Jupiter Pluvius has been so profuse in his favours that he could find no better resting place in "New Babylon," than at the "Duke's," and there is always a cordial welcome to witness that first-rate performance for

SQUIB.

SEDUCTION IN FACTORIES.

We have heard a good deal of late as to the great things that have been done by our legislators for the amelioration and improvement of the condition of those amongst us who are employed in crowded workshops or other similar places.

Of course there is always a great deal to be said on both sides of every question.

How far it is right for the legislature to interfere between employer and employées, as to the number of hours the latter should work, what wages they are to get, and under what circumstances they are to carry on their business, is not the subject on which we now wish to address our readers.

But as our sapient law-makers have thought fit to interfere in the management of our great factories, what a pity it is that they did not direct their attention, after they had made due provision against overwork and over hours, to make some provision against the terrible immorality which is systematically carried on in nearly every one of the great establishments inthe metropolis, wherein are employed large numbers of young women.

We are quite ready to admit that the proprietors of these colossal emporiums are ignorant of the nefarious deeds of some of their trusted officers, but although we will not go so far as to say that they are wilfully blind, still we must strongly, and as emphatically as we can, declare that they are guilty of grave sins of omission, although not of commission, in allowing it to be possible that young girls employed by them, at wages which are barely enough to support them, should, by reason of their very helplessness, be placed at the mercy of their overseers and foremen.

Mercy, forsooth! some of these men have no mercy; and whether the poor girl yields to the base solicitations of the wretch invested with a little brief authority, or whether she indignantly repels his advances, the result will be pretty much the same.

In the event of her allowing herself to be over-persuaded or overawed by the man, who has the power to immediately discharge her from the situation in which she is earning her daily bread, and possibly, nay very probably, having believed in his specious promises, and become sincerely attached to him, she soon finds that he gets tired of her, and she has to suffer the shame and disgrace of seeing his affections — affections, indeed! — lustful attentions, transferred to some other girl in the same workroom as herself; and should she, with the natural jealousy and desire to retain the love of the man who has caused her to err, which is inherent in every woman, no matter what sphere in life she may move in, she is very quickly "sacked," and told that she need not apply *there* for a character. Suppose she is made of sterner mould, and resolutely refuses the advances which her quasi master makes to her, her fate is not much better; she is perpetually pestered by his lewd importunities, and at last, when he finds that all his solicitations are of no avail, he, to use a slang but expressive phrase, "rounds" on her, and possibly accuses her of theft, or some other act of dishonesty, the details of which he has prepared with elaborate care, and which she is unable to rebut, and probably she finds herself sent to prison for a crime which she not only never committed, but of which she had no knowledge whatever, simply because she refused to become the victim of the lust of the man who was placed in temporary authority over her, and who, in order to revenge himself upon her for her denial of his disgraceful overtures, did not hesitate to bring against her an unfounded charge.

Many have been the occasions on which these London factory girls have resented the abominable treatment they have received at the hands of their employers' overseers, and done so successfully.

But it is not all of them who have the presence of mind or firmness and innate virtue to enable them to come scatheless through the terrible ordeal.

Not that we wish to bring a general charge against a body of men who are, in the main, of the highest respectability.

Amongst the persons holding authority in many of our large mauufacturing houses in this metropolis are to be found gentlemen of whose acquaintance any man, no matter what his position, might justly be proud; and who, having daughters of their own, make it their study, as well as their duty, to look after the morals as well as the work of the young girls over whom they preside. We are happy to say that the presence of the black sheep amongst them is a great source of trouble and grief to them. They cannot anihilate them, but let us hope that they will not cease in their endeavours to reduce the evil to a minimum.

BRIGHTON RACES.

The first day of Brighton races was a fine one; but it is the Cup Day which excites by far the greatest attention, and as some may not have had the wished-for opportunity of visiting, "Marine New Babylon" during its carnival week, we will endeavour to give them some idea of Brighton race course on the Cup Day, and furthermore, to note *en passant* some of the notorious characters well known in London life.

While preparations are being made for the great race of the day, let us take a stroll down the carriages and observe their occupiers. The first drag we come to is the regimental one of the 18th Hussars, now quartered at Brighton. The popping of champagne corks and peals of silvery laughter from the pretty girls who adorn the drag, and have evidently done full justice to the splendid luncheon spread out before them, some having their fortunes told by the swarthy Gipsies, while others are indulging in free flirtations with those young subalterns who have yet to learn how costly are associations with the frail sisterhood. See there is, for the time being, the "Queen of the Demi-monde," once a prize barmaid, then the wife of a private soldier, but now the most notorious of the free companions. She is holding quite a levée; and as a spider draws the simple little flies into her net, so does this modern Phryne beguile and plunder every weak disciple of the Crutch and Toothpick Brigade.

The handsome man with the iron-grey hair and bright eyes now speaking to her is the well-known Captain Oldrake, who a few years since became famous by running away with his brother officer's wife; he afterwards fought a duel with the injured Benedict, and no more was heard of the nine days' wonder. He is only having a chat *en passant* with the famed "Beak Eyes," whose lightning flashes are utterly wasted upon such a worn out *débauchée*.

The tall handsome man with grey hair and rosy face talking to old M., the bookmaker, is one of the most notorious men in London, the famed Major ———, whose fascination of manner and good looks induced the handsomest tradesman's wife in Town to elope with him. Like all such loves, the end soon came; she being now one of the most

celebrated actresses in England; and after her husband obtained a divorce, she subsequently succeeded in beguiling an ancient warrior to wed her, whom she has since discarded.

The Grand Stand and its gorgeous scarlet boxes, beautifully decorated with flowers, contain the *élite* of the beau monde, lovely women, and magnificent roses bloom side by side.

Hark! the saddling bell is ringing, and the cracks are led out, one by one, before their admirers and backers.

The great event of the day is now over, and many a o'ercast face tells its sad tale of (in not a few cases), heavy loss or ruin. Copious draughts of champagne and all Aspasia's wiles seem unable to dispel the sulky gloom pervading the witless faces of the golden youth, whose "good tips" have not come off. Visions of impecuniosity will intrude themselves, in spite of Moet and Chandon. Now and again some unlucky welsher meets with his deserts at the hands of disappointed dupes, who wish, naturally enough, to take something out of him after having been plundered.

A general move now takes place amongst the carriages, and although the great event is over, a large number still remain until the last race. So much for Brighton by day; let us return to our hotel to dinner, and then visit Cremorne-Super-Mare, which will be found at the New Pier to-night, where we will pay a visit later on, and take you, gentle reader, with us.

MENTOR.

STREET CORNERS OF LONDON LIFE.

No. IV.—Petticoat Lane on a Sunday.

[continued.]

Retracing our steps we are once more in the Lane. Here is a Jew selling three pairs of the best Balbriggan hose for a "tanner," and by his side a comely damsel of the same ilk, offering three cambric handkerchiefs for the same small sum. Now there is a musical gentleman discoursing sweet sounds on a mouth organ, which he assures us is better in pitch and tone than the English concertina, we will do him the justice to say he plays remarkably well, and elicits constant approval from the spectators who invest, for the small sum of a "tanner," in a comprehensive and compact musical instrument, including case.

Now we perceive the Vandal is at work. Petticoat Lane is undergoing a metamorphosis, like every other part of modern Babel, and as we turn into what was known as Harrow Alley, with its quaint, ramshakle, tumble down, seething houses, upon which the gigantic shadow of the warehouses of the London and St. Katherine's Dock Companies formed, we see, for the first time, that all have disappeared, the only structure left being the "Three Compasses," a hotel which dates its origin far back into the days of the Roses of York and Lancaster. Here it was formerly that all the old clothes dealers from Ireland took up their quarters, and here it was some thirty years since bluff-looking Hibernians might be seen daily packing up hogsheads full of the "Bloody Sassenach's," cast-off wearing apparel for export to the Green Isle, and even now it would seem that the traditions of the house remain, for a board on the outside reminds us that "Wright's Home Rule Whiskey" is to be had within.

Leaving the Noah's Ark Clothing Establishment we drive into the "City Clothes Exchange," and our eyes are gladdened by a sight which contrasts forcibly with what we have seen before. In the Exchange are stalls innumerable for the sale of silk handkerchiefs, shawls, scarves, and ladies' wearing apparel. The vendors are for the most part females, chiefly Jewesses. There are no striking beauties hereabout, but ordinary types of the Hebrew race. The descendants of Rachel are not Venuses, they are comely, portly, scraggy, and selfish-looking; there is little of the milk of human kindness visible on any phisog. to be seen. Filthy lucre has set its seal on most of the occupants of the stalls, and they watch with greedy anxiety the advent of every new comer, whom they seize with the avidity of birds of prey.

Out once more. This turns into Cutler Street. The first name that attracts the attention is that of Belasco, and the representative of the notorious family who stands on this threshold is a striking type of the whole. A glance shows he is not to be mistaken for his kinsman. Indeed, it was on this spot, though not in the same shop, that the celebrated bruiser, Abey Belasco, a little better than a quarter of a century ago, was the idol of the pugilistic-loving section of the sons of Abraham, who denizened in Petticoat Lane and its neighbourhood.

Close at hand is the establishment of Peter Corrigan, the hat clobberer, who once held a prominent position as a Repealer and Teetotaller. Whether Peter has retired with all his blushing honours, thick as leaves in the Vale of Valambrosa, on his head we are not prepared to say. Be this as it may, Peter has about the smartest shop in the Lane.

Cutler Street is a place of comparative quiet, so back we go to the Lane. It is now one o'cloek, and the district churches are being emptied of their devotees. There is no sign of emptying the Lane. We walk back to Middlesex Street, and look about watching the brayers and lurchers.

There are now signs of suspension, and as time flies the Lane becomes more passable. Suddenly there is a clash, a dash, a smash, and a scream, and we turn to Mitchell's salmon smoking shop, from whence the hubbub comes. It is a noisome hole. There is little sign of salmon smoking; but suddenly from the parlour emerges a man in his shirt sleeves. He raises a huge stick. A crack and a thud succeeds, and a voice exclaims "He has cut his head open!" We look in through the dense crowd, and there are two men engaged in a hard struggle. It is an up, and down, *melée*. An obese old dame exclaims "This is how I am served!" and the fight goes on. The police are looking on. They do not interfere. The sergeant says "Move on, gentlemen; you know what they are." And people give silent assent to his words. We look in; an old man is seated in a chair, apparently somewhat exhausted. "They want to get rid of me," he says, mornfully wiping his bald pate. "But they won t; I'm as much master of the place as any of them." And he subsides into silence. There are three or four young men, Jews, in the shop, they are passive observers of the play, and make no sign either way. To quietly look on at such brutal exhibitions of brute force speaks little for the morality or feeling of these scions of the house of Moses.

The Ministerial Whitebait Dinner is over; the large majority of M.P.'s are off to the moors, and what remnant remains of the the House of Commons is fagged and listless.

* * *

It has been a long and wearisome session, and even Lord Beaconsfield, with all his jauntiness, has nothing to boast of in an after-dinner speech, except the "rectified frontier," and the Berlin Treaty, "usque ad nauseam,"

* * *

There is little doubt but that a general election will take place about November. But the Prime Minister is infinitely too wary to show his hand at cards. Speaking to one of his most ardent supporters he said:—"The Queen's speech is carefully drawn up as an appeal to the nation, but let me get such news as I look for from the Cape, and I will go to the country at once."

* * *

Oldham is one of the most flourishing towns in Lancashire. For the first time for many years, in February 1874, it sent a Conservative, in the person of Serjeant Spinks, as one of its representatives to Parliament. A recent visit to the town convinced me that the learned gentleman understands that "discretion is the better part of valour. He won't seek re-election. Anyhow, two Liberals will run in, without effort, when the occasion for shewing the opinions of the Borough arises.

* * *

The Earl of Dalkeith is very nervous about Midlothian, and his Lordship is indiscreet enough to let this be known. With the support of the Earl of Rosebery, and nearly every landowner and influential man in the county, with the exception of his Grace of Buccleuch and Queensbery, Mr. Gladstone's prospects of success are now more promising every day. But it will be the hardest struggle in the coming contest, and will be watched with the keenest interest.

* * *

Baron Henry de Worms has accepted the offer of the Greenwich Conservatives to be their candidate, in conjunction with the present member, Mr. J. W. Boord. The Baron had no chance in the City, the majority of the members of his own religious persuasion being utterly opposed to him. The *Jewish Chronicle* wrote bitterly against Jewish Conservatives, and the Baron, to use his own expression at the Cannon Street Hotel, "was advised by the leaders of the party to decline any further pursuit of his candidature, in order to save division in the Conservative ranks."

* * *

There will be a strong fight in Lambeth. The present members being, of course, disliked by the Tories, are also thoroughly mistrusted by the Liberals. Two "Advanced Liberal Associations" have been formed in different parts of the borough, with strong and influential followings. Already some very successful meetings have been held, and very shortly the names of two well-known Radicals will be but before the electors, as desirable men to represent the constituency,

* * *

From a source, whence the information should be true, I learn that the return of Professor Thorold Rogers and Mr. Andrew Dunn, for Southwark, is a foregone conclusion.

* * *

The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen leaves the City for Ripon. The influence of the Marquis of that ilk, ensures his return.

* * *

There will be a strong opposition to the re-election of Mr. Roebuck for Sheffield, on account of his persistent support of the present Government, but his long connection with the borough, and his high personal character, render the probability of his defeat very small. Mundella and Roebuck will be the elect, as of yore.

* * *

Rumour has it that there are serious dissensions at the Reform Club; some of the members have been rather too independent to suit Mr. Adam and Lord Kensington, the Liberal Whippers-in. Without help from the Club, many members will have to go to the right-about-face. It is very dangerous to offend the wire-pullers of the political party, with whom you have thrown in your lot.

* * *

Captain Fred Burnaby is a plucky fellow, but his pluck has outrun his judgment, so far as his candidature for Birmingham is concerned. The Liberal party is too strong, and their organisation is perfect, Fred should have tried elsewhere, but one cannot but admire his courage in attacking the Radical stronghold.

* * *

"The war-horse sniffs the battle from afar" The political war-horse is just now rampant. The coming struggle will be the bitterest and most exciting that has occurred during many years past.

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ANGELINA.—How can you be so silly as to think that he would take serious offence at such a trifle? Girls will be girls, and "Our Boys" must not take them too severely to task.

WALTER.—Don't be silly.

TOMMY.—We have read your communication with great interest but can hardly get at the gist of it. She is not the only woman in the world.

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POLLY C.—Of course we cannot answer your rather peculiar question until you inform us where you were last Sunday evening. If you do not choose to do so, we can say nothing further.

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